The Sounds of Closing Wings, of Falling Wings

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The Sounds of Closing Wings, of Falling Wings

by Ebyru

Summary

A year of sleepwalking and insomnia, and clinging to a disturbingly comfortable friendship, and Will can't end up with anything but red on his hands.

Notes

1- Un-beta'd because I'm impatient. A million apologies. Mostly from Will's POV, and it's up to you to decide what's real and what isn't. :) Feel free to point out typos or the like.

2- queenbeesknees had said: "Hannibal teaches Will to kill and maybe they do it together and then afterward they are so turned on by it that they go at it!" ---And this is the monstrosity I came up with. lol.

3- Title is from Leonard Cohen's poem "Beneath My Hands".

See the end of the work for more notes

He prods the gelatinous substance at first, curious as to what kind of meat it is. But as he continues to observe, he begins to feel a tingle under his skin, wariness about how much it feels like his own flesh. Dipping his head in to get a scent didn't offer much; it was bathed in seasonings and a carefully-designed broth (let's not forget this is Hannibal).

But it's when he notices the scar – the one he and Hannibal had promised never to speak of; the one Hannibal gave Freddie Lounds; the one on her cheek, right below her left eye where he'd stricken her; the one that told Will there was someone willing to go as far as taking physical action to defend his pride when she accused him of being The Ripper; the one that cemented their friendship, and explained why he couldn't refuse to eat with Hannibal on Christmas Eve.

Will rears back like a Mustang trying to escape the treatment of its master: horse shoes, saddle, and whip. A two-ton lump of coal has just settled in the pit of his stomach, which explains why he's not able to flee--

"I see you've found the centre piece," Hannibal says, placing an elaborate tray of fruit left of it on the table. "Help yourself, Will. It is only us tonight." He wipes off his hands on his pristine, white apron. "Jack has cancelled because of the disappearance of a high-profile journalist."

Will's eyes widen as he blinks a few times. "Centre piece?" he says haltingly.

"She is absolutely *not* to be eaten," he tells Will. "I would not want you to get indigestion."

*

Will's pupils are blown wide as an ocean, his vision foggy with pictures of Hannibal. Him gnawing on skin; puncturing eye sockets with his thumbs; slicing flesh in fillets from a man's thigh (whispering "you're the *other*, other white meat"); washing his hands with disinfectant after licking them clean; putting on a shirt and tie, and going through the routine of the day. One practiced step at a time.

Will's fingers are splayed, both his palms pressed flat to the cold surface of kitchen floor tiles – Hannibal's kitchen floor tiles. He doesn't know how he got here: his thumbs dragging lazily through coagulated blood, a mess of red gunk collecting underneath his fingernails. His legs are crossed Indian style. *Yoga position*, his mind whispers, *praising a god, worshipping a deity you can now see*.

Hannibal.

He stands roughly five feet from Will, at the head of the dining room table, holding down a squirming body – red hair, curly; red lipstick; pretty, young gossip journalist – occasionally glancing over at Will with a tender smile. The points of his fangs show beneath his upturned lips.

Hannibal severs a limb - an arm, from shoulder to wrist – letting it fall like a dispensable chunk from his block of granite. His sculpture is still in progress.

Will swallows a helpless sound; something irrelevant and frightening. A vile sentence that almost seemed like *Can I have it?*

Snapping fingers draw Will with a jolt from his reverie.

“Will, are you all right?” Hannibal asks, sitting across from him. He points down to where Will has been trying to cut through his dish of stir-fried vegetables and medium-raw meat.

“I need some air,” he mutters, excusing himself in a hurry from the table.

*

Hannibal quietly follows Will outside onto the balcony. Gripping the bannister, Will tries not to focus on how easily Hannibal could throw him over – even if he expected it. Not that it would kill him. Disarm, though, yes.

His breath starts to come more quickly, and he squeezes the smooth wooden barrier more tightly. A warm hand presses against the nape of his neck, and, for a second, Will considers taking the leap himself. Just to steal away the satisfaction that Hannibal would gain from having control over prey. Another arm wraps around his middle, pulling him back against skin that feels nearly burning. Will draws in a shaky breath, his head falling forward in resignation.

“Are we not friends?” asks Hannibal, his words like snakeskin inside of Will’s head.

Will can’t quite remember the last time they discussed this. Sometime a year ago, when his sleepwalking kept him from resting; when his dreams involved a daughter that wasn’t his and a stag with fur black as death. But he knows the answer is heavier on his tongue this time around.

“Yes,” he breathes out after a sigh.

“Then you mustn’t be afraid of me,” he tells Will, plastering himself to the trembling remains of him. His fingers stroke comforting circles along Will’s ribs. “Come back inside. There are still four more courses I’d like you to sample.”

*

The thread count rubbing against the skin of his knees feels significantly higher than what he has at home. Will tangles his fingers in silk and dark, red sheets. He traces the fabric with two fingers; it’s damp and warm in tandem. He rolls onto his back, sitting up. A single glance around the room tells him this is not his place: red curtains with golden drawstrings; antique bedframe made from some wood Will’s never heard of; a fur carpet with a dark blood stain--

A dark *blood* stain.

Will steps out of bed, and both feet touch crimson. He wiggles his toes, and it pushes in between, coming out like play-dough or sausage meat. He gags, covering his mouth as he walks away from the blood and sticky fur below his feet.

The slick trails with him through the house as he leaves the room. His hands are drenched in it now, too, but he doesn’t remember touching the carpet…

The sheets.

Bringing a hand up to his nose, the metallic smell is enough to make his stomach plummet once more. He chokes to keep himself from vomiting from the smell of a rotting corpse. That blood is not fresh, nor is it his own.

His fingers drag against the wall with each slippery step; his hands leaving lines of what could almost be passed as paint across walls, and walls, and endless walls of white and dim lights. The lamps overhead flicker, and Will ignores them, concentrating on each foot. He’s already clumsy without the added slide of blood he can’t wipe off.

The halls expand, elongate, narrow and curve inward. When he thinks he’s almost reached an end, there’s one more waiting corner waiting. His fingers grip the uneven texture of blank-canvas walls, his glasses slipping down his nose. Fixing them would only remind him of the mess he’s bringing with him in someone else’s home. He lets them stay there; the blur keeps this nightmare from being seen in sharp relief.

After another never-ending white hallway – bare of paintings or even photos – he reaches a room with the door ajar. Will barely breathes as he pushes through the opening, allowing himself to leave handprints on the frame of the door.

A man is hunched over a spotless, metal table. A pile of tools litter the floor, some of them covered in blood.

“Hello,” whispers Will, too afraid to let his presence be known. He has nothing to protect himself against whoever this is.

The person ahead of him turns slowly, and Will recognizes the profile as Hannibal’s. “Will, so glad you could join me.”

In his arms he holds a long, metal rod. Roughly the length of the one Gideon had used on the nurse. He turns it one side then the next, glancing up at Will after he’s decided something. “Do you think I should kill him before I slide it in?” he asks, tilting his head.

Will licks his lips, unknowingly leaning in to see. “Who?”

“Take a look,” says Hannibal, moving to the side, and out of view.

Doctor Chilton’s lips are blue, and his eyes are empty caverns as he clutches both sides of the table. His chest rises and falls faster when Hannibal says, “Or perhaps *you* would like the honour?”

Sucking in a heaving breath, Will startles awake, the sweat from his hair stinging his eyes. He shivers as Winston and the others climb onto his bed to join him; to comfort. He pets them, trying to get his breath to even out. The images are still so vivid, he can almost feel the blood collecting in his palms.

He turns to his side table, where he keeps aspirin and water for just this type of experience, and notices a message taped to his lamp.

Don’t forget our appointment tomorrow.

-Hannibal

*

Smaller fingers are curled around Will's. Each fingernail is painted in a pale, bright colour: a distinct, younger person's fashion. He blinks, squeezing against the hold. He can nearly recognize who it is, if he just thinks for a moment. If he can just get his mind to turn on; function; react to what he's seeing.

He blinks the sleep from his eyes, sitting up slowly. The hand grips tighter, or maybe it's his body's response to feeling the hold pulling free. He doesn't want to let go yet for some reason. There's a wooden stool underneath him where a bed had been moments ago.

Hannibal stands across from him, his elbows braced on the spotless counter. "Finally awake? I'm surprised you held on to that for so long," he says, pointing to the hand Will still holds.

It's…only a hand. A young girl's from the nail polish he noticed earlier. He almost can't form the words with his tongue; everything feels like too much at once. "W-whose--"

"Dear Abigail," says Hannibal, smiling. "You forgot what happened?"

There are too many teeth in his mouth; an abundance of canines, sharper than his kitchen knives, pearly white and reflecting the ceiling's light into Will's eyes. He blinks against the onslaught. When he looks down, avoiding the brightness of teeth and the eggshell-white apron, there's a chopping board on the counter.

A heart rests atop it. It beats three times until Hannibal's knife comes down like a gavel. Even sliced cleanly, exactly in half, the heart beats twice more; the fingers twitch in Will's hand. And he suddenly remembers--

Nothing. It's gone again.

"I would prefer if you did not play with your food," chides Hannibal, looking at Will from beneath his lashes. "Either prepare that for me or leave it alone."

Bringing a halved-heart up to his mouth, Hannibal bites down, and blood splatters across ceramic tiles, the wood of the board, and, a few stray ones, in Will's eyes. He wipes it away, frantic, and the fingers of Abigail's hand scrape at the place between his thumb and index finger. He retaliates, ripping nail from skin.

There's no blood underneath. He knows; he pulled off the rest to check.

Hannibal's dark eyes flicker to crimson, and he sinks his teeth into the fleshy heart again, never tearing his eyes away. The juices ooze down his chin, landing like bullet wounds in the collar of his shirt, and down the front of his apron. Will reaches out a hand to wipe away the trail now sliding against his Adam's Apple--

Winston licks his cheek as he sits up in his sweat-soaked sheets. The other dogs are running around the bed, their tails wagging. *Must be relief*, he guesses. As he stands to get them a treat, the discomfort of what's between his thighs stops him.

Looking down, he can't decide whether he should be distraught about what the nightmares are doing to his body or confused about his sudden shift in sexuality. Luckily, he can get on with the day like nothing's happened. If anyone can ignore trauma from sleep, it's Will Graham.

*

They're in Hannibal's office.

The bannister presses cold against the small of his back. Hannibal curls a hand around Will's wrist, bringing his hand up, and placing the scalpel between his fingers. He pushes his fingers to wrap around it. "Come, Will. The doctor is waiting downstairs for us."

Will turns to watch Hannibal climb down the ladder. He leans in, his bare thighs, stomach, his cock resting against wood and gold trimming. He's completely naked, not one stitch of clothing in sight.

Hannibal looks up from where he stands next to his desk, sliding on surgical gloves. "Will you be joining me in the basement?"

Suddenly—

It's dark save for a light swinging from the ceiling. And…there are antlers. They're hard to miss even if Will has to squint to properly see the outline of them. Imposing, natural weapons hang from the wall; Will shuts his eyes against the memories of Garrett Jacob Hobbs.

The scalpel feels heavy in Will's palm when his eyes crack open. Hannibal whispers from behind him, pushing him towards the body that now lies punctured on the antlers. "I can help you," he says, "simply follow my directions."

Leading him in to rest the scalpel between pecks, Hannibal holds Will's hand, pushing at the skin until it gives like fresh meat, a steak that Will desperately wants to eat. A whimper through clenched teeth is the only response from the man they carved. This seems unlikely to Will; not a normal reaction for the slice he and Hannibal have left on virgin skin.

"I've used an anaesthetic, dear Will," he says, hissing the sounds directly into Will's ear. "I wouldn't want to turn you off from the experience too quickly after all."

"But he whimpered," is all Will can find to say.

"He did, didn't he?" Hannibal presses his chest against Will, aligning their hips, and guiding their joined hands in. "Let us try again."

The scalpel slides through with ease, leaving Dr. Chilton's chest wide enough for Will to see how fast his heart is beating. He recalls the way Hannibal had held Abigail's, brought it up to his mouth, and eaten it with such relish that Will now…

Wants to try it for himself.

"Can you hear his fear escalating?" murmurs Hannibal, pushing his groin into the cleft of Will's uncovered ass. Will bites his lip to keep from moaning, letting his head fall back against Hannibal's shoulder. "Would you like to go on?"

Will's teeth chatter as he hums out a resounding, *"Yes."*

The darkness that he finds when he opens his eyes is soft and quiet. His dogs snore and yelp in their sleep, some of them kicking their feet out to combat bad dreams. He groans, rubbing a hand across his brow.

For all of this peaceful lack of light, his head is still trying to bash its way out of his skull. He stumbles, almost drunkenly, towards his bathroom, tripping over a dog or two on the way there. He catches himself on the sink, and flicks the light switch on. The yellow from the bulb is loud, so he squeezes his eyes shut until he can handle the beam against the skin of his eyes.

Turning the tap on, he notices there's an odd taste on his tongue. He rinses out his mouth, spitting into the sink. The red of it is undeniable. He leans in close to the mirror, opening his mouth this way and that. Nothing. It's not coming from his teeth. He hasn't bitten through his tongue either. With not a clue as to where the blood came from, Will resorts to brushing his teeth.

Each time he cleanses inside his mouth, the water rinses away a little less red. But the taste doesn't fade for the remainder of the day.

*

Hannibal sucks on his skin, stealing the saltiness away between Will's fingers as he forces them from unclenching, one by one, slicking them with tongue. He moves on to toes next, holding on to Will's ankle to keep him from pulling away, his lips moist as they trace the arch. He gnaws on each toe, grazing teeth along the bottom of each one. He smiles as he crawls over Will, covering his mouth with one palm.

Be nice, and do not make too much noise, it says.

Nosing under Will's arms, holding them above his head, he laps at the coarse hair of both armpits. He groans when Will's tongue darts out to wet the skin pressed to his mouth. "All right, I understand," says Hannibal, removing his hand.

Following the curves of Will's body with his tongue, Hannibal presses his thumbs into ribs, circling nipples, and then rests his hands on hips. He looks up, his head slanted as he drags his teeth between Will's thighs, holding them apart and lapping at the sweat collecting in the crease of his pelvis. Behind his knees. Down the sides of his calves.

All he offers Will in return is a hand.

Will doesn't refuse what he's given. He sucks greedily at fingertips and knuckles, feeling Hannibal so deep; aching in his bones for so much more, that his body becomes restless. Jerking with each new touch and press of moist lips and tongue. Hannibal teases around and around the place where Will throbs enough to hammer a nail in. Will grinds his teeth, fisting a hand in soft hair, to keep from cursing at the unfair treatment.

Hannibal, patient as ever, breathes it all in, kind enough to push his tongue against Will's perineum. A predatory glint is in his eyes as he runs his hands up and down Will's spread thighs, holding him down against the bedspread.

"Please." That's it; that's all Will seems to manage. So he tries again. "Please, *please*."

There's sweat cooling across every inch of his skin when Hannibal finally obliges him. He drapes himself, still fully clothed, across Will, sheltering him from the horrors of the outside world. Finally, *finally*, allowing a kiss.

A gentle press of lips that becomes slightly harder when Will tries to grind his cock into Hannibal's tailored suit. Impatiently. Impatience is all he has left that's his. Hannibal has taken everything else that once belonged to him.

Fisting in Will's hair, Hannibal boxes him in, pressing his lips harder, biting, tonguing at the corner of lips, and sucking down saliva when it gets too messy. Will is in love with all of it. He moans a soft mantra, a deadly pornography meant for Hannibal to lose himself in. So he'll become rough.

"I've always wanted this," he tells Hannibal. "Wanted you on top of me, keeping me down, holding me together, fucking more than just my lips." He kisses harder, leaning up for it. "Wanted you when you were bloody in your office. Wanted to suck the metallic taste and bite until the skin broke again."

Hannibal growls, tugging Will's hair until he has to submit and bare his neck. "Do you know what you are asking for?"

"Yes, come on. Hurt me. Split me open," he says, reaching for the headboard, spreading his legs wide so Hannibal can fit between. "I want you to make everything else a dream."

Nuzzling the side of Will's face, pressing a kiss to his lobe, his throat, his collarbone, and his chest, he says, "Sadism is reserved for the rude, not for you, William."

This time, when he wakes up, his dogs are on their pillows on the floor. He runs to the bathroom to extinguish the fire that's been lit night after night after night…

Looking down, he's faced with the awful truth that he's fallen for his friend, Hannibal. It's easy to take himself in hand, using visions of a claiming tongue to get his heart pounding. He strokes himself harshly, chafes his cock probably, and his head spins like a merry-go-round. It stings on each careless twist up; burns like claws digging into his flesh; pricks like needles since he refuses to spit in his palm. But he comes hot like lava into his hand, watching it drip down his bitten fingernails.

Grunting, Will holds his head. He wants the sensation again already.

*

Will's chest parts easily under Hannibal's searching, gloved fingertips. He presses in, his eyes dark and rabid, not paying attention to the cavity he's fooling around in. Will's heart stutters, briefly, over two beats as a result of Hannibal's momentary distraction.

“I apologize,” he says, a grin fixated on his features. “I will endeavour to be more attentive.”

Latex pinches his skin as Hannibal’s wrist disappears inside him – searching for gold, or a pearl more likely. It wouldn’t be the first time someone compared him to a clam, only to be disappointed to find nothing but greater pain and suffering beyond his shell.

Hannibal smiles: a slow stretch of pursed lips that Will feels as if tugging against his ribs. Maybe he’s the first to find something worthwhile inside?

Suddenly, Hannibal hovers; his weight a comforting pressure that distracts from the unsteady rhythm of his heart, trying to break through his spine. He pries Will’s middle open further, pulling out with him a blood-soaked rubber-covered hand.

The smearing of Will’s essence across his lips seems logical for them.

Hannibal is a vampire with innumerable perks: a body useful in the day, the ability to hide in plain sight, a mortal life to teach him of urgency, and also to help him appreciate the finer things. Eating his own species, for example. But at night – at night when his eyes burn twin bonfires, hungry for unsuspecting, rudimentary, victims unworthy of life – he becomes what he truly is. What only Will can *see* in daylight.

If he chooses to. (He doesn't.)

The table overheats beneath Will, and he splays his limbs in a furtive attempt to escape it. Above him, Hannibal’s breath echoes which parts of Will he’s seen and tasted. He licks his lips, his hands now only bare skin as they push at Will’s knees, moulding and displacing him like clay.

“I am not quite finished,” he says, sliding into the space he’s made. There’s a stern command lining his words, just as bile climbs up the walls of Will’s stomach in anticipation.

“All right,” agrees Will, closing his eyes on the half-smile he receives for his obedience.

A tentative, wet stripe paints wetness between his thighs -- a canvas of unexplored flesh and sensations that Hannibal doesn’t turn away from. He noses in close, his lips slick from something that’s not exactly saliva. He sucks at Will when he clenches his muscles, his legs trying to shove at the tongue violating him. But they spread apart when Hannibal *tsks* at him, his hair covering one eye as he looks up. The grin Hannibal wears is luminescent in contrast to his spit-slick lips.

Hannibal dives back in, his tongue trying to get past the tight ring stubbornly keeping him out. “Allow me, Will, to pleasure you. Or I will use the strength I require.”

A gasp bursts out of Will when he settles down, and Hannibal’s tongue breaches the most intimate part of him. The amount of worries and questions that don’t trip from Will’s mouth could make up a new religious text – all blasphemy, of course.

Hannibal sighs, his tongue still squirming inside Will. He digs his thumbs into the flushed skin of each thigh, pushing his nails in deep, squeezing until Will’s eyes fly open and he

whimpers at the feel of blood crawling down both sides. “I will not ask again,” warns Hannibal.

Will’s chest is still gaping. Open. Vulnerable.

How can he *calm down*? How is he not dead from infection; from his own repulsive repression; from the flick-flick of a heated tongue salivating at the taste of dirty musk inside his entrance, his unused channel?

Hannibal rumbles as Will’s thighs twitch to spread apart more. He tongues at the ring of muscle, his teeth biting into neglected parts of Will’s anatomy. Vision blurring with shame, and wanting to give up so much to his best friend, Will sobs with pleasure.

Moan after moan is dragged from his throat, every one Hannibal’s name in fragments, as his grip tightens on the stainless steel table. Hannibal only deepens his ministrations at this. A finger breaches him without so much as a wince on Will’s part. He’s arching, high enough to reach the swinging bulb above their heads if he wants to. It feels like it’s blinding; burning him alive.

Hannibal presses him down, firm and unrelenting. Another finger joins the previous one, scissoring to a point where Will imagines the muscles of his ass being torn apart from the inside out. Mostly inside – if the match-strike ache of *needing* more is anything to go by.

Then it’s a pounding in his skull; a pipe ramming into Will like livewire, setting his insides on fire and pressing at every point where it feels so good, so *fucking*, appetizingly good, that death must be waiting across the street for him.

All he sees is Hannibal; all he feels is Hannibal; all he knows is Hannibal. Driving into him at 200 miles per hour, swerving around a curve, and bucking hard and lifting his hips up to bury in between his limbs. He pillages Will’s instincts to run, setting him ablaze in a forest-fire of arousal. His groin grinds in tight, simultaneously trampling across Will’s nerves and toying with them hard, expertly.

Will’s mouth hangs open, his head lolling, and everything doubles in his eyes. His hands don’t know where to go, what to grab, and Hannibal twines their fingers like chain-link and –

Slams, bangs, crashes inside of Will. He impales him, dipping a finger in the red that spills from Will’s heaving chest. And he is no longer rock, but gravel rubbing fierce against Hannibal.

They unravel in violent layers: Hannibal rips out his heart; Will scrapes Hannibal’s knuckles raw; Hannibal presses himself flat to Will; and they ravage each other through the thick of beating flesh in panting mouths.

Hannibal pulling out from where he’s seated inside Will is the only part that makes him cry out in agony. Then he – his blonde hair disheveled and sticky with sweat – is splattering into the space where heart used to be, and filling Will with the seeds of him. He leaves it white and sticky, *messy*, where it was once normal and regular. A joke. It doesn’t even take three strokes up and down his erection, for him to scream *Hannibal* into their joined mouths.

Will shouts in fear, his shirt sticking his chest as he leaps out of sleep. His dogs roll over and stand at attention all around him, ears flat and tails not wagging. He pats his arms down, lifts his shirt to see his chest, and looks around his bedroom for a sign of intrusion. Not a mark, not a scratch. No one. And it's three am; darker than Hannibal's pupils.

The only detail that worries him is the remnants of his nefarious dream, staining his boxers and sheet.

*

Bach plays softly in the background as they sit, eating across from one another. Will couldn't refuse when Hannibal was gracious enough to make it a private dinner, rather than the expansive one he had planned. All to accommodate Will, he'd said.

The first bite goes down almost too easy. Will cuts through another piece of *rôti de porc,* slowly, and Hannibal watches him with piqued curiosity. He dabs his mouth, putting his elbows on the table to watch Will more closely.

"And," he says, "how do you find it?"

Will can recognize the rich taste now, and how it rises through him. How it must be *human*. It can't be anything else. Hannibal keeps his eyes on each morsel that Will cuts and slides into his mouth, vibrating with interest.

Hannibal picks up his utensils, and follows suit; he bites into his first piece.

"I must say, Will," he says, chewing thoughtfully. His lashes flutter as he swallows. "You've done an excellent job for your first time."

It's almost odd that he can't recognize whose meat it is; what he's eating, if he doesn't concentrate on it. He thought, stupidly, that there'd be something different about the flesh of human beings. That perhaps the smell of who it had been before …before *preparation*, would remain.

“Doctor Chilton is so much more pliant now,” says Hannibal between bites, openly smiling. “Don’t you find?” He hums unabashedly at the flavour, letting his eyes fall closed again.

Will can only wish that he were asleep this time.

comments appreciated, if you have the time.

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